BRS. BETTS & BETTS TALMAGE'S SERMON.

PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS ANDSPECIALISTS 1005 : MAIN : STREET,



callists in the United States. Their long experience, remarkable skill and universal success in the treatment and sure of Nervous, Chronic in the treatment and cure of Nervous, Chronic and Surgical diseases, entities these eminent purelistants to the full confidence of the article everywhere. They guarantee:

A CERTAIN AND POSTORIE CURE for the awful effects of carry the and the numerous evils that follow his talk.

PRIVATE 2000D AND SKIN DISEASES streedly of impletely and permanently cured.

AFRIOUS DEBILITY AND SEXUAL DISEASES STREET, SEEDERS THEY ARRIVED THE SEXUAL DISEASES STREET, SEEDERS THEY AND SEXUAL DISEASES.

PILES, PISTULA AND RECTAL ULCERS from business.

HYDROCELE AND VARIOCELE permanently and successfully cured in every case.

SYPHILIS. CONDERSEA, GLEET, Springtoring, Sential weakness. Lost Manhood, Night Emissions. Decayed Faculties. Femile. SYPHILIS GONORRIEA, GLEET, Sprimatorrhea, Sentinal weakness, Lost Manhood, Night Emissions Decayed Functions: Female Weakness and at delicate disorders peculiar to other sex positively saired, as well as all functional disorders that result from youthful fellies or the excess of instance years.

STRICTURE cured removal complete, without cutting causafteer collatation. Gires effected at borne by patient without a moment's pain or annyance.

To Name and Middle Acad Man.

To Young and Middle Aged Men. A SURE CURE The awful elects of organic weakers of two low both sings of two lay both mind and cody, with all its dreated his permanently

DRS. BETTS Address those who have moreover into the control of the proper into the control of th Consultation free, in person or by mail. If enters affiliered and county call, write to us, actoring statespilor reply. Call upon or address

DRS. BETTS & BETTS

10% Main Street, Opposite Postoffire. Mention the Fort Worth Gazette.



FORT WORTH IRON WORKS.

General Founders and Machinists.

Manufacturers of the Celebrated Fort Worth Well Drilling Machinery.

Architectural Iron Work a Specialty.

Mention the Fort Worth Gazette.

A Whale Caught Napping.

"Oh, yes; I know this is the season for fish stories, but what I am telling you is a fact, vouched for by all hands, "indignantly remarded Ship Chandler John Reece, in reply to some incredulous smiles upon the part of his auditors. Mr. Reece, as is his custom of an afternoon when the cares of business permit, had been regaling the habitates of his captains' rooms with some of his racy sea stories, and the talk had turned on whales." he suddenly ex-

claimed, "when my friend, Captain Pearn, low commanding the steamship Circassian Prince, had charge of the Ocean Spray, he met with an extraordinary adventure. The vessel in question was on her way to Lisbon, and while crossing the Bay of Biscay one night she brought up with a most tremendous shock. Captain Pearn was below at the time, but rushed on deck fully believing that the Ocean Spray was foul of another vessel.

The lookout came flying aft with hair standing on end and covered with blood.
As nothing could be made of the incoherent explanations of the dumfounded sailor, a movement was made for ad and the mysathwart the cutwater, partly severed in two, the dolphin striker, or to use a modern term, martingale, sticking into his back. The cetacean was fully seventy feet long, and had evidently gone into his death flurry. While they were gazing at the monster the plunging of the vessel in the waves-it was blowing a nine knot breeze -released the carcass and floated it oil to leeward. In the morning, when the watch was called on to wash decks, it was seen that the forecastle, foot of foretopmast staysail and inner jib were sprayed with

The lookout man said that the blood spurted up like a fountain, and as he was standing just by the weather cathead he got the full benefit of it. When the Ocean Spray was docked it was discovered that seven or eight sheets of copper had been torn off the stem. The whale was probably asleep at the time.-Philadelphia In-

A Brave Telegraph Operator.

The big fire at Seabright, the pretty summer resort on the New Jersey coast, gave a telegraph operator a chance to display rare malities of heroism. He was among the first to notice the outbreak. He climbed a elegraph pole to send a message to adjaent sowns, but the flames surrounded him and he had to fee for his life. Nothing daunted, however, the intrepid operator mounted another pole and ticked off a message which brought fire engines to

Discourse on a Kind of Gospel in Which Few People Believe.

"HATH THE RAIN A FATHER?"

The Weather is a Commen Object of Com Plaint and Fault-Finding, But Dr. Talmage Finds a Gospet in ft, Which He Procisions

THE GOSPEL OF THE WEATHER

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 5.-Dr. Talmage's sermon to-day is on a kind of gospel li which few people believe. The weather i object of complaint and faultbut Dr. Taimage finds a gospel in the to-day he proclaims from the "Hath the rain a father?"—Job This book of Job has been the subject of

abounded theological wrangle. Men have

made it the ring in which to display their ecclesiastical purilism. Some say that the Book of Job is a true history, others that it

is an allegory others that it is an epic poem, others that it is a drama. Some say that Job lived 1800 years before Christ, others ay that he never lived at all. Some say that the author of this book was Job; others, David others, Solomon. The discussion has landed some in blank infidelity Now, There he trouble with the Books of Job or Revelation—the two most mysterious books in the Bible—because of a rule I adopted some years ago. I wade down into Scripture passage as long as I can touch ofton, and when I cannot, then I wade it. I used to wade in until it was over my head, and then I got drowned. I study passage of Scripture so long as it is a emfort and help to my soul; but when it

becomes a perplexity and a spiritual up-turning, I quit. In other words, we organ to wade in up to our heart, but never wade in until it is over our head. No man should ever exet to swim across this great ocean of di o down into the Atlantic ocean at East iampton, Long Island, just far enough to athe: then I come out. I never had any tea that with my weak hand and foot I could strike my way clear over to Liver

I suppose you understand your family gen ealogy. You know something about your parents, your grandparents, your grandparents, you know where they were born, or where they died. Have on ever studied the parentage of the shower . Hath the rain a father?" This question is not a sicentist, but by the head of the universe. To humbla and to save Job. God asis him fourteen questions; about the world's architecture, about the activation of the sun'verse about about the refraction of the sun's rays, about the tides, about the snow crystal, about the lightnings, and then be arraigns him with the interrogation of the text. "High the rain a father?" With the scientific wonders of the rain I have nothing to do. A minister gets through with that kind of sermons within the first three years, and if he has piety enough he gets through with it in the first three months. A sermon has come to the to mean one word or four letters "help!" You all know that the about the refraction of the sun's rays, about

HAIN IS NOT AN OUPHAN. You know it is not cast out of the gates of heaven a foundling. You would answer the question of my test in the affirmative. Safely housed during the storm you hear the rain teating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of itiary drops, pattering the dust, and then delives the fields and angers the mount torrents, and makes the traveler impresenties. You know that the rain is tan accident of the world's economy, at know it was born of the cloud. You ow it was rocked in the cradle of the id. You know it was sung to sleep by a storm. You know that it is a flying must from heaven to earth. You know

If this be true, then, how wicked is our continuing about climatic changes. The stocker Sabbaths after 1 entered the history it stormed. Through the week it WORTH RON WORKS.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

WITCH IN WORKS.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

WITCH IN WORKS.

Ground thanked God that what was bad for the chop? I committed a good deal of sin in those days in DENOUNCING THE WEXTHER.

Ministers of the gospel sometimes fret albent stormy Sabbaths, or hot Sabbaths, or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the forest that the thed people sat before a drenched pas-

incoment Sabbaths. They forcet the fact that the same God, who ordained the Sab-bath and sent forth his ministers to an-

both and sent forth his industers to anmomore salvation, also orderined the weather,
"Hath the rain a father?"

Merchants, also, with their stores filled
with new goods, and their clerks hanging
dly around the counters, commit the same
transgression. There have been seasons
when the whole spring and fail trade has
been runned by protracted wet weather.
The merchants then examined the
tweather probabilities," with more interest
than they read their billes. They wasched than they read their Bibles. They watched for a patch of bine sky. They went com-plaining to the store, and came complaining home again. In all that season of wet feet, and dripping garments, and impassable streets, they never once asked the ques-tion: "Hath the rain a father?"

So agriculturists commit this sin. There is nothing more amoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or kay all ready for the mow dashed of a shower, or wheat almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear the agricultural dis-appointments. God has infinite resources, but I do not think he has capacity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold; it is too

wet, or it is too dry, it is too early,
OR IT IS TOO LATE.
They forget that the God who promised seed time and harvest, summer and winter rold and heat, also ordained all the climatic changes. There is one question that ought to be written on every barn, on every fence on every haystack, on every farmhouse. "Hath the rain a father?"

"Hath the rain a father"

If we only knew what a vast enterprise it is to provide appropriate weather for this world, we would not be so critical of the Lord. Isaac Watts, at ten years of age, Lord. Isaac Watts, at ten years of age, complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English Chapel. "Well," said his father, "Isaac, instead of your complaining about the hymns, go and make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. Now, I say to you, if you do not like the weather, get up a weather company, and have a president and a secretary and a treasurer and a ident and a secretary and a treasurer and a beard of directors and ten million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will suit all of us. There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot stand the giare of You must have a cloud always havering over him. I like the sunshine; I cannot live without plenty of sunlight, so you hist always have enough light for me. Two hips meet in mid-Atlantic. The one is going o Southampton, and the ather is coming o New York. Provide weather, that while is about for one ship, it is not a head wind or the other. There is a farm that is dried p for the lack of rain, and here is a pleasure party going out for

A FIGHD EXCURSION.

Provide weather that will suit the dry arm and the pleasure excursion. No. sirs, lurin and the pleasure excursion. No, sirs, I will not take one dollar of stock in your weather company. There is only one being in the universe who knows enough to previde the right kind of weather for this world. Hath the rain a father?'

My text also suggests God's minute supervisal. You see the Divine Sonship in every divine of rain. The invoke of the shower.

pervisal. You see the Divine Sonship in every drep of rain. The jewels of the shower are not flung away by a spendthrift who knows not how many he throws or where they fall. They are all shining princes of heaven. They all have an eternal lineage. They are all the children of a King. "Hath the rain a father?" Well, then, I say if God takes notice of every minute raindrop. He will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that bethera me. We look

up into the night-heavens, and we say: "Worlds! worlds!" and how insignificant we feel! We stand at the foot of Meunt Washington or Mount Blanc and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves: "Though the world is so large, the sun is one million four hundred thou-sand times larger." "Oh!" we say, "it is no use; if God wheels that great machinery through immensity. He will not take the trouble to look down at me."

INFIDEL CONCLUSION.
Saturn, Mercury and Jupiter are no more rounded, and weighed, and swung by the hand of God than are the globules on a lilac-bush the morning after a shower. God is no more in magnitudes than he is in minuties. If he has scales to weigh the mountains, he has balances delicate enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You can no more see him through the telescope than you can see him through the increacepe; no more when you look up than when you look down. Are not the hairs of your head all num-bered? And if Himalsya has a God. "hath not the rain a father?" I take this doctrine of a particular Providence, and I thrust it of a particular Providence, and t thrust a into the very midst of your every-day life. If God fathers a rain-drop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that? When Druyse, the gunsmith, invented the needlegun, which decided the battle of Sadowa, was it a more accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blucher a short cut by which he could bring his army up soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident! When Lord Byron took a piece of money and tossed it up to decide whether or not he should be attanced to Miss Millbank, was it a mere accident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Christian army was besieved at Beziers, and a drunken drummer came in at mid-night and rang the alarm bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment

When, in one of the Irish wars, a starving mother, flying with ber starving child, sank down and fainted on the rocks in the night and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so? God is either in the affairs of men, or our religion is worth nothing at all, and you had better take it away from us, and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine, give us a secu-lar book, and let us, as the famous Mr. Fox, the member of parliament, in his last hour, cry out, "Read me the eighth book of Virgil." O! my friends let us rouse up to an appreciation of the fact that all the affairs of our life are under a King's com-mand, and under a Father's watch. Alex-ander's war horse, Bucephalus, would al-low adybody to mount him when he was messed; but as soon as they but on that war horse, Bucephalus, the saddle and the trappings of the conquerer, he would allow no one but Alexander to touch him. And if a souliess horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we immortals exult in the fact that we are owned by a

King! 'Hath the rain a father!'

Again, my subject teaches me that God's dealings with us are inexplicable. That was the original force of my text. The rain was a great mystery to the ancients. They could not understand how the water should not understand how the water should and into the cloud, and not time they, how it. get into the cloud, and getting there, how it should be suspended, or falling, why it should come down in drops.

MODERN SCIENCE comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, and the one portion of air decreases in temperature so the water may no longer be held in vapor, and it falls. And they tell us that some of the clouds that look to be only as large as a man's and, and to be almost quie hand, and to be almost quiet in the heavens, are great mountains of mist 4000 feet from base to top, and that they rush miles a minute. But after all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton, and Saussure, and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain. There is an eccan of the unfathomable in every rain-drop, and God says to-day as he said in the time of Joh: "If you cannot understand one

says to-day as he said in the time of Job'if' you cannot understand one
drop of rain, do not be surprised if my dealings with you are inexplicable." Why does that aged man,
decrepit, beggared, vicious, sick of the
world, and the world sick of him, live on,
while here is a man in mid-life, consecrated
to God, hard-working, useful in every respect, who dies! Why does that old gossin,
gudding along the struct about everyhold's
business but her own, have such good
health, while the Christian mother, with a
flock of little ones about her whom she is flock of little ones about her whom she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven— the mother who you think could no be spared an hour from that household-why does she lie down and die with a cancer? Why does that man, selfish to the core, go

on ADDING FORTUNE TO FORTUNE, consuming everything on himself, continue to presper, while that man who has been giving 10 per cent of all his income to God and the church, goes into bankruptcy? Before we make stark fools of ourselves, let us to be seen to be a fore to b lore we make stark 1008 of ourselves, for us stop pressing this everlasting "why." Let us worship where we cannot understand. Let a man take that one question, "why!" and follow it far enough, and bush it, and he will land in wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrega-tion marks and more exclamation points. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is the place for trust. If you cannot understand so minute a thing as a rain-drop, how

can you expect to understand God's deal-inss! "Hath the rain a father?" Again, my text makes me think that the rain of tears is of divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black, and they are gorged, and they are thunderous. They are more portentous than Salvator or Claude ever painted—clouds of poverty, or persecution, or bereavement. They hover over us, and they get darker and blacker, and after awhile a tear starts, and we think by an ex-tra pressure of the eyelid to stop it. Other, follow, and after awhile there is a shower f tearful emotion. Yea, there is a rain of

"HATH THE RAIN A FATHER?" "Oh." you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lach-rymal gland -it is only a sign of weak eyes." Great mistake. It is one of the Lord's richest benedictions to the world. There are people in Blackwell's Island insane asylum, and at Utica, and at all the asylums of this land who were demented by the fact that they could not cry at the righ time. Said a maniac in one of our publi institutions, under a gospel sermon that started the tears: "Do you see that tear! That is the first I have wept for twelve years. I think it will help my brain." There are a great many in the grave who could not stand any longer under the glacier of trouble. If that glacier had only melted into wearing they could have endured it. into weeping they could have endured it. There have been times in your life when you would have given the world, if you had possessed it, for one tear. You could shriek, you could blaspheme, but you could not cry. Have you never seen a man holding the hand of a dead wife who had been all the world to him! The temples livid with excitement, the eye dry and frantic, no moisture on the upper or lower lid. You saw there were bolts of anger in the cloud, but no rain. To your Christian comfort, he said: Don't talk to me about God, there is no God; or if there is that him, don't talk to me about God. me about God, there is no God; or if there is, I hate him; don't talk to me about God; would be have left me and these motherless children?" But a few hours or days after, coming across some lead pencil that she ewned in life, or some letters which she wrote when he was away from home, with an outcry that appals, there bursts the fountain of tears, and as the SUNLIGHT OF GOD'S CONSOLATION Strikes that fountain of tears, you find out that it is a tender-hearted, merciful, pitiful and all-compassionate God who was the

that it is a tender-hearted, merciful, pitiful and all-compassionate God who was the father of that rain. Oh," you say, "it is absurd to think that God is going to watch over tears." No, my friends. There are three or four kinds of them that God counts, bottles, and eternizes. First, there are parental tears, and there are more of these than any other kind, because the most of the race die in infancy, and that keeps parents mearning all around the world. They never get over it. They may live to shout and sing afterwards, but there is all shout and sing afterwards, but there is al-ways a corridor in the soul that is stient, though it once resounded. My purents never mentioned the death of a child who died fifty years before, without a tremor in the voice and a sigh, ch, how deep-fetched. It was better she should die. It was a mercy He will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that bothers me. We look away a parent's grief. How often you hear truly

the mean. "Oh, my child, my child!" Then there are the filial tears. Little children soon get over the loss of parents. They are easily diverted with a new toy. But where soon get over the loss of parents. They are easily diverted with a new toy. But where is the man that has come to thirty or forty, or fifty years of age, who can think of the old people without having all the fountains of his soul stirred up? You may have had to take care of her a good many years, but you never can forget how she used to take care of you. There have been many seacaptains converted in our church, and the peculiarity of them was that they were nearly

by their mothers, though the mothers went into the dust soon after they went to sea. Have you never heard an old cman in delirium of some sickness, call for his mother? The fact is we get so used to calling for her the first ten years of our life we never get over it, and when she goes away from us it makes deep sorrow. You sometimes, perhaps, in days of trouble and darkness, when the world would say: "You ought to be able to take care of yourself"—you wake up from your dreams finding yourself saying: "O, mother!" Have these ing: "O, mother! mother!" Have these tears no divine origin? Why, take all the warm hearts that ever beat in all lands and in all ages, and put them together, and their united throb would be weak compared with the throb of God's eternal sympathy. Yes, God also is Father of all that rain of repentance. Did you ever see a rain of repentance. you know what it is that makes a man re you know what it is that makes a man re-pent? I see people going around trying to repent. They cannot repent Do you know, no man can repent until God helps him to repent? How do I know? By this passage: "Him hath God exaited to be a prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Of it is a remensions hour when one wakes up and save. "I am a bad non. I have not up and says: "I am a bad man, I have not sinned against the laws of the land, but I have wasted my life; God asked me for my ervices, and I haven't given those services. I my sins, God forgive me." When that

IF THRILLS ALL HEAVEN. An angel cannot keep his eye off it, and the church of God assembles around, and there is a comminging of tears, and God is the Father of that rain, the Lord, long suf-fering merciful and gracious. In a relig-ious assemblage a man arose and said: "1 have been very wicked man; I broke my mother's heart; I became an infidel; but I have seen my evil way, and I have surrendered my heart to God; but it is a grief lever can get over that my parents since yer can get over that my parents since yer bave heard of my salvation; I may whether they are living or While yet he was standing in the audience a voice from the gallery said: "Oh! so son, my son!" He looked up and he recor nized her. It was his old mother. She had been praying for him a great many years, and when, at the foot of the cross, the prodigal son and the praying mother embraced onch other, there was a rain, tremendous rain, of tears, and God was the father of those tears. Oh! that God woul break us down with a sense of our sin, and then lift us with an appreciation of his mercy. Tears over our wasted life. Tears over a gridved spirit. Tears over an in jured fiether. Ohlingt God would mov upon this audience with a great wave of in ligious emotion! *
The king of Carthege was dethroned. His people rebelied against him. He was driven into banishment. His wife and children were

children were

Vears went by and the king of Canthage made many friends. He gathered up a great army. He marched again toward Carthage. Reaching the gates of Carthage, the best men of the place came out base footed and bare-headed and with ropes around their necks, crying for merey. They said: "We abused you and we abused your family, but we cry for merey." The aims of Carthage looked down upon the people from his chariot and said. It came to bless, i didn't come to destroy. You drove me out, but this day i pronounce parden me out, but this day I pronounce pardon for all the people. Open the gates and let the army come in. "The king marched in and took the throne, and the people all shouted: "Long live the king." My triends you have driven the Lord "lessus Cluist, the king of the cluwch away from your lear. king of the church, away from your heart you have been mattreating him all these years; but he comes back to-day. It stands in front of the gates of your sour If you will only pray for his pardon, he will meet you with his gracious spirit and hi will say: "Thy sins and thine iniquities will remainber no more. Open wide the gate; I will take the throne. My peace I give unto you." And then, all through this audience, from the young and from the

Series Sing Spins Wonderful Stones. The brain of the tortoise was supposed to contain a wonderful stone, which was efficacious in extinguishing fire, and when placed under the tengue would produce prophetic inspiration. Another stone possessing the latter property was to be found in the eye of the hyens. The head of the cat, however, was thought to contain what would undoubtedly have been the most wonderful and most desirable treasure of all could it have only had a real instead of an imaginary existence, for that man who was so fortunate as to pos sess this precious stone would have all his wishes grauted.-Chambers' Journal.

Truly yours,

Fort Worth Gazette:

just splendid. Yours respectfully,

MAJOR M'KINLEY.

The Tariff Bill Maker Who Has Been Named for Ohio's Governor. Major and Hon. William McKinley, Republican candidate for governor of Ohio, unites several qualities not often found in the same man. He was among the busiest and most earnest of congressmen, and has always been very domestic: a rigid disciplinarian, not at all humorous, and scarcely gifted with what is called magnetism, he is yet peculiarly snave and mildly genial,

and manages to have his way in caucus

and committee without giving offense. In general appearance he is like a sturdy Englishman, but his complexion is so dark that he might easily pass for a native of some climate much warmer than ours. And lastly, the shape and poise of his head are so very Napoleonic that every one fa-miliar with the portraits of the great Corsican notices the resemblance at first sight, and recognizes the fitness of his popular nickname. The existence of these extreme ly dark families among the fair Scotch and Irish has long been one of the puzzles of ethnology; and if the latest conclusions of scientists are correct, Major McKinley must be credited with a share of the blood of those dark aborigines whom the invad-ing Celts found in Great Britain and Ire-

Supporters and opponents alike agree that Major McKinley is very much in earnest in his views, and that his mastery of his special subject is due to prolonged study. His townsmen say that when he was a law student in Canton, O., the subject of protective tariff came before the town lyceum, the major being appointed to lead the protection side. side was led by an old lawyer of long ex-perience in debate, and he gained a britlant victory. This stung his young opponent, and he resolved to master the sub-



WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

ect. For months he studied political economy as zealously as he studied law night after night he read speeches and wrestled with statistics and government reports, and the result was that he entered congress as well equipped on finance and tariff as any man in it.

He entered it young, too, being but thirty-two years old when elected in 1876. Thereafter he served continuously seven terms, except that near the close of the Forty-eighth congress his seat was awarded to a contestant, as Major McKinley's majority "on the face of the returns" was but eight. He entered the army young also, enlisting as a private in the Twenty third Ohio (R. B. Hayes' regiment) at the age of seventeen. He came out a captain in September, 1865, receiving the rank of major by brevet. In Virginia, in 1864, he served some time as aid to General Crook, and with marked ability. He was born at Niles, O., Feb. 26, 1844, and his first office was that of prosecuting attorney of Starke county, O., in 1869-71.

Unfortunately for his social life in Washington, Mrs. McKinley is an invalid, yet his devotion to her is one of the most pleasing features of his life. They usually occupy rooms in a modest hotel, and he does his work where he can go to her at any moment, usually spending all his leisure time by her side. He made but little money before entering congress, and consequently there is truth as well as point in the remark of a colleague that his life is

Teeth without of S. Drs. Abdilt & Mattisen com with and Main streets.

Looking Out for His Wallet.

Cumso—Are you cutting the sarticles out of the common of the common of the cutting the sarticles.

home to your wife and daughters. Banks (handling the shears)-No; I'm cutting out the millinery advertisements. -Harper's Bazar.

For Maleria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use EROWN'S MON BITTERS

MACHINE TESTIMONIALS.

Howe, Tex., May 12, 1891.

Democrat Publishing Company, Fort Worth, Tex.: DEAR SIR-In answer to yours of recent date in regard to sewing machine ought of you, can recommend the machine. As to work, it does equal to any high-priced, and is neatly finished, runs light, and we can recommend the ma-chine to all those in need of a good machine. You can save \$20 to \$25 by one of Hose machines, and you will be well pleased with your bargain. Yours truly
Howe Tex Roy 31

A. G. MARVEL.

AS NEAR PERFECTION AS POSSIBLE

FLATONIA, TEX., May 13, 1891. The machine received in good order and is pronounced a lowel or muself and neighbors. It is as near perfection as it is possible for containing to be, in fact only one fault could be found, and that is the all post is too short. Yours respectfully,

MRS. A. HANOVER.

FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS. The Guzette, Fort Worth, Tex.:

Tulia, Tex., May 5, 1891.

To the Fort Werts Oakette:

GENTIES The High-Arm sewing machine is all you claim for it. It is first class in every respect. It is as good as one my son paid \$37 for on the same day I received it. No one can be dissatisfied with it at the price paid for it.

The last received it. A. SCOTT.

DELIGHTED WITH IT.

Tulia, Tex., May 11, 1891.

To the Gazette:

Democrat Pub. Co., Fort Worth, Tex.:

GENTS-I have one of your High-Arm premium sewing machines. My wife is delighted with it. It is neat, well finished, light running, and gives entire satisfaction. I like it better than anything I have had offered at from \$35 to \$45. Respectfully,

AS GOOD AS ANY \$50 MACHINE. DEKALB, TEX., May 10, 1891.

received your High-Arm premium sewing machine. We have tried it thoroughly, and find it first class. It is as good a machine as the people have been paying \$50 for. There is no humbug about it. Respectfully, J. D. O. REAR. SATISFIED AFTER THOROUGH TEST.

Democrat Pub. Co., Fort Worth, Tex.: JOHNSON Co., TEX., May 19, 1891. GENTLEMEN-I received the High-Arm premium sewing machine in good GENTLEMEN-I received the High-Arm premium sewing machine and order. My wife has given it a thorough test; she finds it to be everything represented, and is well pleased with it. I will say to all that want a good machine, subscribe for the Weekly GAZETTE and get a premium machine. The paper is just splendid. Yours respectfully.

W. P. FLACK.

ALL THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT.

BOX 65, VERNON, TEX., March 23, 1891.

Democrat Publishing Co., Fort Worth, Tex.:

GENTLEMEN—The No. 4. High-Arm premium sewing machine was received in good order, and my wife finds it to be all you claim for it, and is quite satisfied that it is equal to any other machine of twice the price you ask for this one.

The case, too, is exceedingly handsome and very well finished. I am yours truly E. L. MOURANT.

FORT WORTH GROCER GO

Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants, 510, 512 and 514 HOUSTON STREET.

QUETATIONS FURNISHED ON APPLICATION, MENTION THE FORT WORTH GAZETTE.

Give us your artist for Fort Worth Packing Co.'s product and build up home industries

DALLAS, TEXAS,

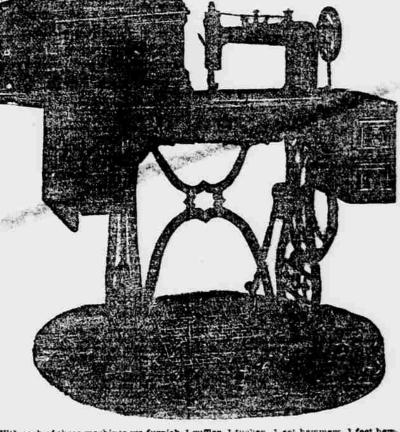
WHOLESALE : GRAIN : DEALERS. or prices on CRAIN, HAY, FEED, GRAIN SACKS and TWINE MENTION THE FORT WORTH GAZETTE.

HIGH-ARM IMPRO SINGER SEWING MACHINES

At One-Half Price!

High-Arm Singer, the Finest and Best Made Machine of the Singer Pattern in the Market.

Manufactured for the Gazette!



With each of these machines we furnish I ruffler, I tucker, I set hemmers, I foot hem mer, I screw driver, I oil can and oil, I gauge, I gauge thumb screw. I extra throat plate, I extra check spring, I paper needles, 6 bobbins and I instruction book. These articles are all included in the price named.

The New and Greatly Improved!

Bear in Mind that These Machines are Thoroughly Made and of First-Class Workmanship.

\$61 FOR ONLY \$24! \$70 FOR ONLY \$33!

OUR OFFER: To every mail subscriber of THE SUNDAY GAZETTE WE Will send the High-Arm Improved Singer and paper one year for \$25, and to every mail subscriber of the Daily Gazette we will send the High-Arm Improved Singer and paper one year for \$33; or, Daily six months and the machine for \$25.50-pur chasers pay freight. Weekly GAZETTS one year and machine \$24.

Every machine warranted for five years. Address all orders and remittances to

GAZETTE. Fort Worth. Texas.

WELL PLEASED WITH IT. Tolosa, Kaufman County, Tex., April 20, 1891.

SiR-My machine arrived in due time and is all or more than you recomnended. My wife is well pleased with the work that in does. Your respectfully

G. M. PITTMAN. mended. respectfully

WELL PLEASED WITH IT.

ROANGKE, TEX., May 21, 1891. The Democrat Pub. Co., Fort Worth, Tex.: Sirs-I received the High-Arm premium sewing machine in due time and an well pleased with it. It does excellent work, and is a novelty of cheapness. Yours respectfully MRS. M. E. REYNOLOS. Yours respectfully

> SO MUCH MORL THAN EXPECTED. VERNON, TEX., March 21, 1891.

The Democrat Pub. Co., Fort Worth, Tex.: GENTLEMEN—The machine came all O. K. It is a good one, so much better than was looked for at so small a price. It is just as good as my \$45 one, and looks better to-day, and does just as good work as any machine. Thanks for the hargain in it. Good luck to THE GAZETTE. Respectfully yours. R. P. SANDERS.

ALL THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT.

Box 65, VERNON, TEX., March 23, 189L Democrat Publishing Co., Fort Worth, Tex.: GENTLEMEN-The No. 4. High-Arm premium sewing machine was received in good order, and my wife finds it to be all you claim for it, and is quite satisfied that it is equal to any other machine of twice the price you ask for this one. The case, too, is exceedingly handsome and very well finished. I am yours

E. L. MOURANT AS GOOD AS HIGH-PRICED MACHINES.

MOODY, TEX., March 28, 1891.

Democrat Pub. Co., Fort Worth GENTS—The machine I ordered from you arrived safe, and, after a thorough test, my wife says she likes it fully as well as any of the high-priced machines on the market now. Respectfully,

R. L. LAPP. the market now. Respectfully,

Tulia, Tex., April 6, 1891.

GENTLEMEN -I received THE GAZETTE machine in good order. It is beyond my expectations in finish, and is simple in construction and convenience. I have shown it to several, and they say it can't be beat.

BEYOND HIS EXPECTATIONS.